

What Went Wrong

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What Went Wrong

"_While I'm busy, Hiccup can cover the store! Molten steel, razor sharp blades, lots of time to himselfâ€|What could possibly go wrong?"_

* * *

><p>"Alright, Hiccup. You're going to be in charge of the store while I train some new recruits. Think you can handle it?" Gobber asked. It was early in the morning and he and Hiccup were in the workshop. Stoick had left with many of the villagers to try to find the dragons' nest one last time before winter.<p>

Sighing, Hiccup said, "I guessâ€|but, why can't I train with the others? Do I not get a chance to try?" He was clearly frustrated at being left out, like always. After all these years, one would think he'd be used to this kind of thing. But he wasn't.

"Look, Hiccup," Gobber said, placing a hand on the boy's shoulder, "I tried to convince your father to let you, but he just kept refusing. I wanted to give you a chance, but Stoickâ€|" He shook his head.

"He always treats me like I'm some kind ofâ€|disgrace! Like I'm too weak to do anything but mess things up. It's not fairâ€|" Hiccup said, eyes downcast.

"I know it's not fair, but we can't do anything about it. What Stoick says goes." Gobber patted Hiccup's shoulder. "I've got to go now. Don't want to be late. Now, I won't be back until late, so you're in charge of closing up shop."

"Okay," Hiccup muttered. Gobber sighed and left, leaving the boy alone.

* * *

><p>"He never listens to me! And when he does, he just looks disappointed. I try everything, but I just can't make him proud. I just screw things up." Hiccup was pacing around the workshop, talking to himself. It's a habit he picked up because, wellâ€|who else was going to listen to him, if not himself?<p>

"I'm a disappointment. A _hiccup! _I can't do anything right. Gobber at least _tries_ to encourage me. Dad justâ€|doesn't do anything. He scolds me, he yells at me, he acts like he hates me and wishes I was never born. At least, that's what it feels likeâ€|"

Hiccup sat heavily on a bench and started at the ground for a while. "Mom never treated me like thisâ€|she was proud of me and what little I could do. She never yelled at me, or scolded me, or told me I did something wrongâ€|." His eyes started to water and he covered his face with his hands. "Why did you have to leave me with dad? I can't do anything right in his eyes. I'm just a failureâ€|"

He sat there for a while, crying silently. He felt so alone. None of the villagers liked him except for Gobber, and sometimes he even doubted that. He had no friends, either. Not anymore.

When Hiccup was little, he and all the other kids used to play all the time. But once they were old enough to start actually doing stuff around the village, they quickly realized Hiccup was useless and they drifted apart. Heck, his own COUSIN practically hates him.

"Oh, gods, why did you put me here if you were just going to make me suffer my whole life?" Hiccup asked, standing up. "Was I a mistake? Did you mean for me to be born? Do you also wish I never existed? I don't want to be here anymore! My life's not going to get any better!" he shouted, stabbing a dagger into the wall that he had grabbed. "Why can't I just die? No one will miss meâ€|"

After a short silence, he pulled the dagger from the wall and stared at it. His hand started shaking and he fell to his knees, gripping the dagger tightly. He just wanted it to end, for all the pain and hurt and rejection to just vanish.

With shallow, shaky breaths and tears streaming down his face, Hiccup squeezed his eyes shut and lifted the blade to his throat. "No one will miss me," he choked out.

The blade clattered on the floor and Hiccup hit the ground with a soft thud.

* * *

><p>When Hiccup didn't join Gobber and the others for dinner, they knew something was amiss.<p>

Hiccup wasn't at his house, he hadn't gone to the arena, he wasn't at the docks. He wasn't anywhere.

"Waitâ€¦Gobber, didn't you leave him in charge of the workshop?" Snotlout asked.

Gobber went wide-eyed, and a sense of dread spread through the kids.

The group ran as fast as they could to the workshop. Astrid was the first to make it there, and not a second after she had gone inside did the others hear her horrified scream.

Gobber pushed past the kids and hurried over to Astrid, who was gripping a counter to keep herself upright. The girl looked sick to her stomach and her face had gone pale.

"Astrid, what's wrong?" Gobber asked, shaking her shoulder. She pointed to the ground in front of them. Gobber looked to where she was pointing and when he saw what had caused her to scream, his breath caught in his throat.

"Go home," he told her. Astrid nodded and turned around, going back to the other kids who had been whispering to each other. When they saw Astrid they went silent. Then Fishlegs asked what she saw.

"He'sâ€¦gone."

* * *

><p>It was a few weeks before Stoick came back with what was left of the ships. When he and the others walked into the village, they could all tell there was something wrong.<p>

Once they all dispersed, Stoick went straight to the Great Hall where Gobber was.

"Gobber, what's happened?"

Gobber sighed and sat on a bench. "Oh, Stoickâ€¦I'm sorry," he said. Stoick furrowed his brow. "â€¦Why?"

After his friend told him what had happened, he and Stoick went to the village center where people had started to gather.

"Move, get out of my way!" Stoick shouted, pushing through the crowd. He froze when he saw the casket. His breathing became shaky as he slowly walked up to it. "Thorâ€¦" he said, falling to his knees. "Oh, sonâ€¦I'm so sorryâ€¦I did this."

That night a funeral pyre was constructed. Once the grave offerings had been placed, the pyre was set ablaze. It took hours to burn out, and once it had, the remains were gathered and buried and a headstone was set to mark the grave.

Stoick made sure that his son was buried next to his mother.

* * *

><p>Author's note: At the anonymous commentor: I didn't make you read it so there is no need for you to be mad at me for writing "this crap"<p>

End
file.